THE GOSSIP OF PARIS.

SORROW IN DUCAL FAMILIES.

POOR OLD DE LESSEPS-A DUKE'S POEMS-"THE RED CENTURY." Paris, November 11.

It is not with a red letter, but with a very black one, that the ducal families of France will record the centennial anniversary of 1793; for cercainly there has never since that fateful epoch been a year which has brought so much mourning and sorrow into the grandest houses of our nobility. No less than five dukes have passed over to the great majority since January last, and the heads of several other ducal families are in mourning, either for the loss of their wives, of their brothers or of their sisters. The first of the dukes to go was the Duc de Mortemart; then followed the Duc de Rohan. next to die was the young and brilliant Duc d'Uzes; then the octogenarian Marshal Mac-Mahon, Duke of Magenta; and lastly, just a week ago, on the morrow of a dinner which he had attended at the Jockey Club, the Duc de Beauffrement, one of the heroes of the war of 1870, who, jointly with General the Marquis de Gallifet, commanded that splendid cavalry charge at Sedan which drew forth from Emperor William, who witnessed it from a neighbering hill, "Oh, les braves gens!" (Oh, the brave The Duc de Beauffremont succeeded to the title only a year ago, upon the death of his elder brother, and, like him, had been singularly unfortunate in his domestic relations, his wife, a sister of the late Prince de Chimay, who died as Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, having eloped many years ago with the Rumanian Prince George Bibesco, whom she married at Bucharest after obtaining a divorce of doubtful valldity in Germany. The Duke de Polignac, whose uncle, Prince Edmond, is reported to be engaged to be married to Miss Winneretta Singer, formerly the wife of Prince Scey-Montbellard, mourns the loss of his popular and charming Duchess; and the Duc de Sabran wears crape for the loss of his brother, who distinguished himself in the war of 1870 as well as during the Mexican campaign, and also for his ister-in-law, the Comtesse Edmond de Sabran. Inasmuch as each of these deceased aristocrats essessed an extensive number of relations, no one need be surprised to learn that a large number of the houses of the Faubourg Saint Germain will remain closed this winter, much to the regret of the numerous debutantes who have been looking forward to this season for making their first appearance in society. While these dukes have been attracting pop-

ular attention, either in their own deaths or in that of near and dear relatives, there is another one, noted for his democratic opinions and for his former intimacy with Gambetta, who has been distinguishing himself of late as a poet as well as the organizer and director of some of the most remarkable archaeological discoveries that have been made in the land of the Pharaohs during the present generation. It is the Duc de Dino, formerly known as the Marquis Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord. He is, by the way, the husband of the former Miss Adele Sampson, of New-York. The Duke has just brought out at the great publishing house of Lemerre a dainty volume of verses entitled Salut a Vous," which is dedicated to "Madame Adele Livingston-Sampson, Marquise de Talley rand-Perigord, Duchesse de Dino." The first poem in the book is addressed to her. The preface is written by Mme. Juliette Adam, who pays a well-merited tribute to the boldness and the ring of the strophes, which according to her give one every now and again the disposition to exclaim, "Bien touche," just as if the Duke were handling a rapier in lieu of a pen and had touched his adversary in a vital spot. The Duke, notwithstanding his title and his ancestry, is a thorough democrat at heart, almost as much so, perhaps, as his friend the Marquis Henri de Rochefort-Lussaye; and when the great strike took place at Anzin it was he who appeared upon the scene, bringing good advice, and, what was far more point, pecuniary assistance, to the wretched miners. Fifty years of age, with a mustache brushed up military fashion, he bears in his features the impress of the fact as served his country on the battlefield both in Mexico, under Bazaine, and against the Germans in 1870. Indeed, so greatly did he distinguish himself at the battle of Champigny that his name was put forward for the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which he declined on the ground that he had the misfortune to have one of his brothers, the Comte Archambauld de Talleyrand-Perigord, serving against France as a captain of cavalry in the Prussian army.

MM. Brentano, of the Avenue de l'Opera, have earned the good will of all artists, both French and foreign, by causing the arrest and prosecu tion of a man named Favarelli, whom they discovered forging the name of Forain, Willette and of other well-known artists to productions of his own. The culprit was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and it is hoped that the penalty imposed may have the effect of putting a stop to, or at any rate checking to a certain extent, the large trade which is done here in forged sketches and paintings. All picture dealers are not so honest as the MM Brentano, and some are known to derive large profits from the sale of pictures which they are aware are spurious, but which they dispose of as being authentic, greatly to the disgust not only of the artists themselves but also to that of the art-loving public. One of Porain's most popular caricatures depicts an artist who, having failed to sell paintings under his own name, is cynically recommended by his wife to take his portfolio and sell a few "Corots," spurious ones of course; and, under the circumstances, it must be regarded as constituting an odd coincidence that Forain himself should have been one of the first to figure in the law courts here as the victim of a fraud of this character.

Memories of the most brilliant days of the Empire were recalled the day before yesterday by the banquet, at the Restaurant du Boenf a la Mode, of the Cent Gardes, the survivors of the superb bodyguard of Emperor Napoleon III. They were all men of magnificent appearance and commanding stature, and, arrayed in silver breastplates, huge helmets, light blue tunics, trimmed with gold lace, and high boots, used to line the stairs and guard the doors of the State apartments whenever any great function took place. After the fall of the pire many of them entered political life as Republicans, being moved thereto by the scenes that they had witnessed while on palace duty during the Napoleonic reign. Five of them even were incriminated in the Commune and sentenced to exile in New-Caledonia, while others have settled down to peaceful professions,

ers have settled down to peaceful professions, only a few continuing in military service. The banquet was the third held since the fail of the Empire, and was attended by some sixty members of the Cent Gardes, who cannot fail to have recalled to mind memories of their regimental mess, with its collection of superb plate, to which almost every crowned head in Europe had contributed a portion.

It was a painful spectacle that I witnessed the other evening at the terminus of the Orleans Railroad, when, happening to be there to await the arrival of a friend, I assisted at the return to the city of poor old Ferdinand de Lesseps. His two oldest sons, Victor and Charles, the latter still bearing on his face traces of the mental sufferings which he endured during his long locarceration in prison, were there to meet him and to accompany him to his residence in the Avenue Montaigne. The old gentleman is in a complete state of mental and physical prostration, only enjoying brief jucid moments at long intervals; and this reindered his transfer from the Chateau de la Chesnaye a matter of considerable difficulty and fatigue, sad to behold for those who had last seen him cantering gayly in the Bois de desinate in the state of the search of the seen him cantering gayly in the Bois de sulogne, surrounded by his cohort of young illdren. Mathieu, one of the sons by his president wife, is just about to leave for the West of Africa, having volunteered for active of Africa, having volunteered for the first revice in that continent, which for the first in modern history at any rate was sep-

arated by water from Asia through his father's efforts.

It is certainly not for the purpose of regliding his escutcheon that the young Duke of Brissac is marrying Mile. Young de Gouy d'Arsy, who is one of the greatest heiresses that have ever figured in the matrimonial market. For he himself is the heir to the vast wealth of his mother, the Vicomtesse de Tredern, a daughter of the millionaire sugar refiner, Say. The fortune of the future Duchesses is derived partly from the Suez Canal, and partly from that of Panama, her mother, who is now married "en seconde noces" to the Vicomte de la Redorte, having been one of the heiresses of the great contractor Abellie, and a sister of the M. Abelile who was shot at Nice by Mr. Deacon.

As usual, the opening of the great annual chrysanthemum show in the Pavillon of the City of Paris, in the Champs Elysees, has served to herald the advent of winter, and the day beto herald the advent of winter, and the day before yesterday the mercury went below freezing-point for the first time since last spring.
The suddenness with which the cold weather has
come upon us has perhaps tended to exaggerate its intensity; but, be this as it may,
everybody looks half-frozen, and furs are the
order of the day. Nor does the frost seem to
he confined to Paris. We hear of heavy snow
in the provinces, while in the champagne district streams and rivers are reported to be
frozen over. To-day the weather is still colder
here, and a northeasterly wind adds to the discomfort of the chilly Parisians, who go about
their business with their faces colorless from
the effects of the chilling blast. With regard
to the chrysanthemum exhibition it seems for the effects of the chilling blast. With regard to the chrysanthemum exhibition it seems for the first time since I can remember to have been accorded recognition by the great world here, which has hitherto given it the cold shoulder; and not only has it had many fair visitors from the noble Faubourg and from the fashionable quarters of the city, but there are even a considerable number of "grandes dames" whose names appear in the catalogue as exhibitors, one of them, the Comtesse de Boulingcourt, having been awarded a bronze medal by the judges.

It is an odd coincidence that, just at the moment when Lemaitre's drama, "Les Rois," is drawing such crowds of people to the Renaissance Theatre, Louise Michel should have made her reappearance here after her long and

naissance Theatre, Louise Michel should have made her reappearance here after her long and protracted residence in London. It is she who is portrayed on the stage under the transparent pseudenyme of "Audotia Latameff," and who plays so veryimportant a part in the tragedy. The object of her return here is to arrange for the publication of a book which she has written, enobject of her fethin here is to an anomalize to publication of a book which she has written, entitled "Le Siecle Rouge" ("The Red Century") which, as far as realism and portrayal of mankind in all its most evil aspect are concerned, is stated to outstrip anything that Zola has ever written. Louise Michel seems to enjoy her life in London, and speaks most highly of the English, declaring that the Anglo-Saxon race has "a greater sentiment of personal dignity" than her countrymen, and that in English law more respect is shown for human liberty than in France.

We have just lost one of the most eccentric and best-known figures of our metropolitan life by the death of the Comte Hyde de Neuville, It was especially at times of civil commotion that he became conspicuous, and he used to be geen at every political meeting. A perpetual

that he became conspicuous, and he used to be seen at every political meeting. A perpetual candidate for legislative and municipal honors, he was wont to drive about the city in his mail phaeton, from which he delivered speeches, read his verses and distributed leaflets on which were printed his poems, some of which were really ciever. He was his own billposter, and this led to constant conflict with the authorities, in which the crowd always took the Count's side. Latterly he became convinced that he was a descendant of the Borglas, and that he possessed a secret poison for the destruction of his political enemies. This rendered it necessary for his wife and daughter to have him placed under restraint, which seems to have brought on paralysis of the brain and death.

AN EDWIN BOOTH MEDALLION.

IT WILL BE PLACED ON THE MEMORIAL SHAFT

IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY. The feature of the memorial to Edwin which will soon be placed in Mount Auburn Ceme tery at Cambridge by his only daughter, Edwina by F. Edwin Elwell, which will be sunk in the pure white marble monolith. Mr. Elwell received the order to model a portrait medallion some tim ago, and accepted the commission, although he had nothing more than an ordinary card photo



graph to work from. In speaking of the inciden Mr. Elwell said: "In my early boyhood I often saw Mr. Booth on the stage, and, like thousand of others, admired his cenius, went into ecstasi over his performances-worshipped him from afar In after years I met Mr. Booth socially, and t my admiration for the artist was added a high regard for the man, while his kindly expressed Imiration for my 'Dickens and Little Nell' showed that he was interested in my works as well."

Mr. Elwell said further: 'One must be an artist

working artist to appreciate the timidity with which I approached this task-I was to make Booth; the great actor, the courteous gentleman, the kind friend. I was to produce a work to justify
the confidence of his loving and artistic daughter,
and I confess I did hesitate. One afternoon," he
added, "about 4 o'clock I started work on the bassrelief which at 6 o'clock was pronounced a strong
ikeness, and on which no further work was done
save small matters of detail. It was a strange,
weird condition—those two hours—and when the
cruder image which betokened power and struggle gave way to the more perfect, when the head
before me seemed to breathe of the firm, d.icate
and refined character, there came to me a feeling
of peace and satisfaction such as I never before
experienced."

of peace and satisfaction such as I never before experienced."

The artist himsel, was unaware how well he had portrayed the man till the members of the Booth family saw his work and pronounced it "an inspiration." Fortunately, Mr. Elwell's training has been such that he is capable of making an inspiration a tangible thing, of which fact he has given evidence in the medallion.

A LETTER OF HENRY CLAY'S. From The Chicago Tribune.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Mr. John Franklib, of Welch, McDowell County, W. Va. has in his possession a letter written to his grandrather, L. Combs, for which he has had many offers, all of which he has refused. S-veral admirers of the Kentucky statesman have tried to get possession of it, but the present owner has held to fit with the belief that it contains value aside from being an autograph of Mr. Clay, because of the expressions of opinion it contains. In it much that has since become history is very strongly hinted at, and some very important questions mentioned. The letter is as follows:

Washineton. 15 Feb., 1820.—Dr. Sir: I am sorry to have to communicate to you that the Committee of claims has repeated unfavorable reports in the cases in which you are concerned, men'd in your letter of the 21 Dec. The deficit in the Treasury, the prescure of the times, the profusion in the grant of pensions, and a persuasion that there has been produgality in the disbursement of the public moneys altogether render this the most unfavorable session I have ever seen. At present there is no possibility of getting any business whatever done, owing to the agitation of the Missouri question. When it will be decided is uncertain. I think we have near three weeks' debate yet to get through. The question daily assumes more importance, and certainly is most fearful in its consequences. The subject of disunion is discussed in the circles with freedom and familiarity. In Richmond we are told they are all in a flame; indignant at the idea of any compromise—the only way as some think of disposing of the question to the satisfaction of both parties. Yours,

L. Combs, esq.

WHERE COLUMBIAN STAMPS ARE IN DEMAND From The Detroit Free Press.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A gentleman asked for some postage stamps in a Woodward-ave, drug store vesterday, and when the proprietor handed out a bunch of the oblong Columbians the customer said he could not use them—he wanted some of the old-style letter-carriers. The druggist asked why the great Christopher Columbus would not do—they would "In haste" all right as far as he knew. The gentleman said he wished to send a letter to France, and he had been advised by his correspondent to use the lold-style stamps, as every one had gone philately mad over there, and the Columbian stamps were such a templation that the chances were the letter would never be delivered. If the missive were intact when it left the general postoffice it was louis d'ors to sous it would disappear before it reached the addressee, as to secure the stamp the collection fan, be he letter-carrier, concierge or servant, would not hesitate to destroy the letter. Every effort was being made by the authorities to protect the mails, but the amsteur philatelists needed the plettures in their collections, and madame, mademoiselle or monsieur could go epistic hungry for all they cared.

IN A TYPHOID WARD.

HOW MEDICAL SKILL SUBDUES THE RAV-AGES OF THIS DANGEROUS FOE.

T APPEARS SIMPLE, WHEN YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE-STRANGE EXPERIENCES IN A GREAT CITY HOSPITAL-AS COSMOPOLITAN AS AN EAST-SIDE ELECTION IT THET.

"What's the matter with me, Doctor?" The physician was looking at his watch, and ounting the pulse beat, but he said nothing. "What's the matter with me?" the patient again

The Doctor was busy examining a little clinical the Doctor was busy examined the head in his hand, to see how far the mercury had been forced up into

the glass tube. "One hundred and five," he muttered to himself, as he pulled out of his top waistcoat pocket a little morocco leather case and replaced the instrument carefully. "One hundred and five-that's high." Then turning aside, he whispered in a still lower tone to the nurse, "I cannot do any more; this thing must run its course; I would advise that

he be sent immediately to a hospital."
"What's that, Doctor?" said the sick man, who thought he overheard a little of this conversation. The physician, however, was not to be moved. man who lay there could as easily get a word out of the Statue of Liberty as hear him speak. The way in which he sought to evade every question, and yet not give the appearance of refusing, was a study. His attitude was not unlike that man who, suddenly discovering a burglar in his reom, begins to temporize with him, while awaiting the result of the message that he has just sent through a telephone to the nearest police station.

WHIRLED AWAY IN AN AMBULANCE. Soon there was a rattle of wheels over the cob stones, and a moment later came a loud ringing of the bell,

What is that, Doctor?" Just then two men stepped into the room, wear-ing handsome uniforms. They had on caps with patent-leather peaks which shore brilliantly, and gold bands above which was the word "ambulance." It was not so much their arrival, but the suddenness of their arrival that unnerved the patient; but before he had time to say anything his pulse and temperature were taken, a hurried talk passed between the strange doctor and the other, and the sick man was lifted bodily out of bed and carried downstairs on a stretcher to the ambulance. The landlady fainted, the servant began to cry, the dog barked vigorously, and the water faucets left running at full speed began to flood the whole place. Confusion reigned in that house during the rest of the day, and, more ominhavior on the part of the clock would be though well enough some weeks later to hear of the com motion that accompanied his forcible removal from the house, he regarded the incident as a tribute to the importance of the occasion. For is it not fact well established that the instant the first rumblings of an earthquake are felt clocks stop The trip to the hospital was not a long one, and this was well, for the rattle of the wheels over the rough pavement is anything but an agreeable experience. It required only a short time to slide the many respects to the pushcart of an Italian peawas made as the patient was wheeled along taken. The groaning of a man, evidently in great pain, disturbed the quiet of the place at intervals. His broken leg was being set, and the physicians

"O God, help me out of this," exclaimed the injured man, who was perfectly conscious.
"Be quiet now, Peter," said one of the doctors.
"God is helping you by proxy on this occasion." Next came in a man poisoned and paralyzed by marine tunnel. He presented a sad sight, his legs and arms crippled and twisted, as you have seen water pipes, steam pipes, or the iron grating of window after a fierce fire. Next there was wheeler in a young lad about fourteen years old, screamin like a wild animal from inflammatory rheumatism followed closely by an anaemic patient, whose fac-was as pale as marble, and who told the doctor candidly that he didn't care whether he lived or fied. Another man limped in unaided, his head bent, and all visible portions of his skin, including even his eyes, turned a dark yellow, which was the frequent blowing of a steam whistle indicated the call for doctors to attend the ambulance, which was speeding to and fro all day. The first man forgot his sufferings for a moment to witness this strange sight, and was recalled to the fact that he himself was one of the unfortunates only when the doctors appeared and ordered his removal to the fourth story of the building. The little four-wheeler was soon deposited on one of the elevators, and aving reached the floor, was placed in the centre row of beds of snowy whiteness. The floor was cleaned and polished so thoroughly that it reflected the shadows of the nurses as they walked along which looked even brighter still. There was a space of about four feet between the beds. was lofty and the rows of windows, some twelve feet in height, and scrupulously clean, let in floods of mellow light. Some of the sick people there sat up in bed. Others sat up, and, leaning over toward the little glass table, began to nibble at

The poor fellow on the four-wheeler, who hadn't aten or slept for four days, grew despondent as he asked himself, "When shall I be able to do that, I wonder?" Little of the place as he had seen, h took it all in. He had misglvings about remaining at home or coming to a hospital. These misgiving were dispelled now. At home, sympathy was plentiful, but there was no cure; here, sympathy was scant, but a cure nine cases out of ten was in evitable. In and out, up and down, swept the nurses and the orderlies, who are young men, all day long and all night long. The nurses wear one perpetual smile. Don't be mistaken about that smile. As an illiterate politician would say. There is nothing into it." Watch for the nurs who scowls rather than smiles, or at least, who loesn't smile at all, if you want a word of sympa thy or hope for some cheery observation to mak you feel that you are not altogether among strangers.

Bide your time for a day or two, and wait until the head nurse becomes acquainted with your presence. You can rely on her. It is as much by reason of her unfailing courtesy and kindness as her unfailing industry and the aptitude she has shown to grasp the necessities of her calling that she has come to be a head nurse, and so her visit to the bedside of a patient each day to inquire how he is and to know if he has anything to complain of becomes a veritable benison to the unhappy sufferer as he lies there counting the seconds and minutes and hours between him and health or between him and death. The head nurse in Ward , where the new arrival nad just been wheeled in. was of this class.
"What's this?" she said to one of her sub

ordinates, as she looked into the face of the man who still lay on the little cot in the centre aisle, his body burning like a coal of fire.

IT WAS TYPHOID, "Typhoid," was the answer.

The patient started at the word and was almost half way out of bed before the women realized what had happened. He knew now for the first time what the matter was, and it frightened him. His temperature went up considerably during the next hour, and for many days thereafter there was a conspiracy of silence on the part of the attendant whenever he would ask, "Have I typhoid fever?" After he was transferred to his bed and put in position in one of the rows, another patient came He was able to walk, with a little help from one of the orderlies. The head nurse and two of the doctors were beside him in a moment, and had him seated in a chair. He also had typhoid. He looked

"Say, Doc," he asked somewhat saucily, "is dis le place yer goin' to keep me in all de time?"
"Yes," replied the doctor, "here is your bed here."
"Tis, eh? Den I scare out o' here, good an' quick;

see? Dis ain't no place fer a bloke to sleep in an' ain't goin' to stay here; see?" "Where can you go? Remember you have typhoid

fever," said the doctor conxingly and with a pleas-"I have friends," he replied; "I ain't goin' to stay

here, dat's certain."

The appearance of cleanliness, of good order

of discipline, seemed to have unmanned the fellow who was probably a daily visitor at Guttenburg and a nightly rounder at the liquor-shops, and so he took himself away, in spite of all the doctors could do to induce him to remain. If he didn't go to some other hospital, he is probably dead now.

A NURSE IS NOT NECESSARILY AN ANGEL English, Irish, Germans, Cubans, Scotch, Cana-Danes, a Chinaman, negroes, aye, even native American white men, were in that and the adjoining ward, suffering from many ailments. The night the Chinaman died he was calling "Docky, "Docky," during a great part of the time, and the "Docky," during a great part of the time, and the call was responded to each time by the physicians with as unfalling a promptness as though it were a millionaire who had "pressed the button."

Returning to the first man, he lay there from half-past II until half-past 9 at night before the doctor came. They make their rounds at 10 in the morning and at half-past 9 at night. No one came to prescribe treatment in the interval, or if so, no regular treatment was begun, and the patient was moaning and calling for the doctor. He got a drink of sweet milk and a promise that the doctor would soon be on hand. When he received like information a few hours later, he ventured the remark that he had been told the same thing a few hours earlier. Then the nurse became angry and told the patient that if he came in there with the intention of "running" the hospital, he was mistaken. He protested that he had been carried in there against his will, that writing for newspapers, not "running hospitals," was his trade, and he thanked her for her kindness. Then he tossed and tumbled in pain and the nurse went away. He called her as it was nearing midnight, and while she was walking slowly up and down the ward with the night superintendent. He called several times, but in vain. After the lapse of some time, the night superintendent went away, and the nurse stepped over to the bedside and sald coldly: "I want you to understand that when the night superintendent is with me, you might as well be calling upon the door post; I won't answer you."

This was an agreeable experience for a typhold call was responded to each time by the physicians

nlight superintendent is with me you many the calling upon the door post; I won't answer you."

This was an agreeable experience for a typhold patient whose fever was hish and who was not yet twenty-four hours removed from his home surroundings. It is proper to say, however, that it ended here, and that thereafter no such disagreeable bitterness was encountered.

Typhoid fever in the case of this patient was accompanied by a violent headache. In other cases there is a pain in the loins or in the stomach, leside each bed hangs a chart, with an account of the temperature, respiration, pulse, and how you passed the night. Many days and nights passed before he could sleep. Half the time his eyes were closed in a dreamy stupor. It is provoking to have this recorded on the chart as "slept well," which is sometimes done by the nurse, "How did you sleep last night?" said his neighbor one morning, leaning over toward his bed. "I didn't sleep any," he answered.

"Why," interposed the nurse, "you slept as peacefully as a kitten for eight hours."

It was the nurse already spoken of who made this remark. It was as consoling to the patient as the advice given by a certain doctor to the woman who was suffering from insomnia: "Go home, madam, and sleep it off, sleep it off."

THE TREATMENT.

Typhoid is a tedious disease to deal with, takes as a rule from five to eight weeks before the germ is entirely eradicated from the system. A patient regards the treatment as simple, merely ecause all the necessary appliances are at hand, person could not receive such treatment at home no matter how rich he might be. Even to approach

written on the chart for days and for weeks; but like the receding tide whose waves still bent upon the unnumbered pebbles of the shore, it was comin down although going us. At last 99 was reached and between it and 198 the mercury hovered for four days. Then the doctor took the patient by the hand and said triumphantly, "My boy, you are not going to die this time."

An excellent opportunity was afforded of study

de.

"I have a bloomin' had tooth, doctor. For God's lee, let me out!" said a young Englishman.

"This will cure your bad tooth," answered the eter, temporaling.

"Docthor," pleaded a canny Scatchman, a stone

after, "I wouldn't inline a we many sefore goin' there."
"Hetter wait till you come out," said the doctor. "Ah, doctfor," he persisted, "that's a terrible han-Heap."
"Are you ready, Mike?" the doctor asked of a son of Erin.
"Oh, sir." Mike repiled, "if ut don't hurt me any

son of Erin.

"Oh, sir." Mike replied, "if ut don't burt me any
I'll thry an' shiand th' pain of ut."

It is notable how expert become many of the
patients when on the read to complete recovery
as to the best manner of treating not alone typhoid to the best manner of treating not alone typhoid cer, but all other diseases.

Do you see that man over there?" said one of see, pointing to a strapping young fellow, twenty-o years old, who had just died in an adjoining

"I see him."
"Well, it was his strength that killed 'im." What really meant to say was—but why explain an sh bull? Another patient dies. "If they had given that Another patient dies man plenty of whiskey," says a rheumatic individual in the corner, who had himself been a walking distillery on more than one occasion, "he would probably be able to go home to his family to-day, instead of lyin' dead there." And so on.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT. The quietness of one of these wards where so much human suffering abounds is remarkabl-No matter how noisy you were before being admitted, you soon learn to become submissive and silent, and acquire the habit of bearing your suffer ing without a murmur. Even a delirius patient, who is "raising a racket," will quiet down at once

when the nurse says, "That'll do now," Such and so powerful is the influence of example.

A few weeks in a hospital ward, either in the melical or surgical department, even as a patient (which gives few opportunities for observation), familiarizes even the most nervous and sensitive temperaments with the appearance of the dying and the dead. I the dead. How do you like to be here?" The question was

podermic injection to a typholi patient when he died.

"I was afraid," she answered, "that I should never be able to stand the sight of a man dying." "And what have you found that has made it seem less terrible than you supposed?" "Well, there has not been so much struggling or signs of suffering as I thought; for all of those whom I have rosen die so far were unconscious for hours before passing away."

When a patient dies he is noiselessly wheeled away, and is replaced soon by one or more living men, who await their turn to follow in his wake or else grow strong and become reinvigorated under the care and attendance of the men and women whose lives are devoted to the service of humenity. To the thoughtful person who takes life seriously and who spends a month or two in a hospital, going forth fully restored to health and strength, some modifications in his character are bound soon to become apparent; if not to his friends and associates, certainly to himself. For here is the be all and end-all of man's brief career, enacted in a most vivid and impressive manner, day after day, striking illustrations of what Shakespeare wrate:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, And our little life is rounded with a seen."

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of. And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

PHOTOGRAPHY PROVED THE SIGNATURE.

Prom The Indianapolis Journal.

Photography played an important part in a suit at Cincinneli. The suit is one of local standing, involving the title of 1.50) acres of valuable farm jands. It is based on a deed made nearly seventy-five years also by the owners of the land, and turn on the point whether the deed had five signatures or only four. In order to test this question it was decided to have the deed photographed, and the clerk of the court was ordered to give the matter his personal supervision. For that purpose it was taken to Washington and submitted to an expert photographer of that city. The original deed, discolored and yellow with age, showed traces of four signatures and a space where there might have been a fifth, but no trace of it. The photographing was done in the presence of the clerk of the court, who refused to let the deed go out of his sight. The negative revealed traces of the missing signature, and when it was enlarged ten times the entire name became as plain as when first written. The court propounced the evidence concitisive, and the result will be the reversal of a former decision and a change in the ownership of the land. From The Indianapolis Journal.

Bread and cake raised with

Teyeland's Baking

keep their freshness and flavor.

SHOULD LADIES SMOKE?

AN ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

OPINIONS WHICH AMERICANS WILL PROBABLY NOT CONCUR IN-SOME FANTASTIC REASONS FOR RECOMMENDING TOBACCO-THE FOREIGN WOMEN WHO SMOKE.

Lady Colin Campbell, in her article on the much discussed question as to whether women should smoke, published in the current number of "The English Illustrated Magazine," addresses an impassioned appeal to "Oh, men, my brothers!" to decide the matter. And as she appears to consider that the approval of man is all that is necessary to settle the con-troversy in a manner satisfactory to the feminine devotees of the Holy Herb, by all means let us give it, with certain restrictions. We would certainly be the gainers thereby, as I will endeavor to show-all the more gladly, as nearly all the discussion on the subject has hitherto been monopolized by the fair sex.

In the first place, let me seek to calm the fears of Mrs. Lynn Linton and of other opponents of feminine smoking, as to the danger of the habit degenerating into an abuse. There is not the slightest possibility of an excess to be apprehended, when once we men have given our sanction. Indeed the latter is likely to lead to the decrease rather than to the increase of the habit among women, who will find the use of tobacco deprived of half its charms and delights when it no longer possesses the flavor of forbidden fruit. Do our high-priced Havanas and costly Latakia of the present day taste even one-tenth part as good as those abominable cabbage-leaf cigars and cheap cigarettes smoked in strict secrecy and concealment during the days of our boyhood? Oh, for the delight of one of those pipes which were flavored by the spice of danger of a birching! There is nothing that I, for my part, have ever found to compare with the charms of a certain memorable smoke which entailed that penalty. It was while I was at school in one of the great English schools. Fondly imagining that one of our masters had absented himself for the day, I, with another fourteen-year-old boy, invaded his rooms, got out his favorite pipes, and, having ensconced ourselves in his armchairs by the fireside, commenced smoking away to our hearts' content. In order to add to the enjoyment we got hold of his sherry, and had arrayed ourselves in his surplices, stoles, university fur-lined hoods and mortar-board college caps, complete. In the midst of it all he reappeared, and the consequences were a brief but painful interview with the Dean, who considered it necessary to impress upon our minds the superiority of pickled birch to colored briarwood.

While all danger of excess or abuse will be averted by depriving tobacco of the attraction in feminine eyes of forbidden fruit, and by encouraging, rather than preventing, women smoking, there is every reason to believe that we men would derive immeasurable benefit from the regular adoption of the habit by our wives and daughters. Nearly all the troubles that beset our paths, and the disputes and difficulties in which we become involved, are caused by the heedlessness of the feminine tongue and by the thoughtlessness of the words that fall from feminine lips. Now, even the enemies of tobacco are forced to admit that its use constitutes an incentive to reflection and to meditation. Just fancy, therefore, the boon that the sterner sex, and, in fact, the world at large, would derive from the inauguration by ing, instead of only afterward. And inasmuch as the use of tobacco would contribute to this innovation, by all means let them have it. Nor is this the only advantage. There are several others, to one of which, in particular, Lady Colin draws attention. "The modern woman," she declares, with a ruthlesaness from which I should shrink, "is nothing but a thing strung on wires," and from "morning to night she is on the ramp, in some way or another. Restlessness is her element. She can never be still for five minutes together." To keep these wires upon which, according to Lady Colin, woman is hung from vibrating too strongly, to preserve our mothers and our sisters, and above i all, our wives and their mothers, from going "on the ramp," there can be nothing more efficacious than the soothing influence of to bacco. The easiest-tempered and most tractable women of the universe are those of the Orient, who smoke all day long; and the same may be said in a certain measure of the women of Southern Europe, who, as a general rule, are far more truly feminine than their Northern sisters. It is among the latter that the tendency to mannishness is most pronounced; that there is the greatest eagerness on the part of women to place themselves on the same level as ourselves, and to lead us to shut our eyes to the fact that they belong to that sex whereon Nature has lavished her finest and most delicately artistic workmanship and finish in every detail. And yet it is just these Northern women who are loudest in their denunciation of the practice in vogue among the fair of the South and of the East of smoking, as calcu-

scious or that she has tacked elegance, refinement and true femininity long before she ever took to the papilletto, which has certainly played no part in depriving her of any of these qualities, but merely affords an indication as to whether she possesses them or not. And when a woman has them innate it is not a cigarette that is likely to destroy them. They remain apparent in everything that she does and says or ven thinks. What better illustration thereof could be cited than the Czarina of Ruscia, her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, Queen Marguerite of Italy and the Empress of Austria? All four are renowned for their elegance and can certainly not be described as lacking in refinement. Nor would any one ever dream of accusing the beautiful Grand Duchesses Vladimir and Sergius of Russia, the Archduchesses Marie Therese and Isabelle of Austria, nor yet Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal, of being either too masculine or deficient in femininity. Of the great ladies of Europe not of royal blood, but who are, nevertheless, recognized as queens of fashion and of elegance who are inveterate smokers, I need merely mention the name of the Duchess of Sesto, mother of the young Duc de Morny, and the Duchess of Medina-Coeli at Madrid; Princess Pauline Metternich, Princess Leontine Fuerstenberg and the Princess Montenuovo at Vienna; Donna Laura Minghetti, Princess Pallavicini and her sister-in-law, Princess Rospigliosi, at Rome; the Duchesses de Mouchy, de Doudeauville, d'Uzes, de Maille, as well as the Marquise de Gallifet, at Paris; and the Princesses Betsy and Nellie Barlatinski, the Countess Woronzoff and Scheremetlew, at St. Petersburg. Of Prussian ladies addicted to the use of the weed the best known are the Countess Wolkenstein, formerly so well known by the name of her first husband, Count Schleinitz, and Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, sister of Emperor William. All these ladies find in the weed first mir and Sergius of Russia, the Archduchesses her first husband, count Schieffler, and Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, sister of Emperor William. All these ladies find in the weed first dedicated to England's Virgin Queen an infi-nitely more effective and harmless sedative than either chloral or morphine, and appear to rest in the conviction that life bears so beautiful an as-pect when seen through the opalescent clouds of fragrant smoke that issue from their lips that

no stimulants are needed to drive away fits of temporary depression and of the blues.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, in what she terms "her counterblast" to Lady Colin's article in favor of tobacco, lays much stress on the unpleasant odor which it imparts to the broath and especially to the hair. But that surely depends first of all on the quality of the tobacco, and secondly, upon the habits of elegance and cleanilness of the fair smoker. It is possible that stale tobacco smoke might cling to hair which was only attended to once a day or even less frequently, but surely that could not be the case when brushed twice or thrice, as it requires. The disagreeable smell of stale smoke could only make itself apparent in cases of women inclined to carelessness and neglect as regards "les affaires de la tollette," and they would naturally be offensive and devoid of charm no matter whether they smoked or not. Another objection of Mrs. Lynn Linton is that, were the habit to become general, it would not be confined to ladies. "All classes," she declares, "would share and share alike, and Lady Judith's delicate little cigarette with which she calms her aristocratic nerves would find its counterpart in the briarwood pipe of Betty, the parlormaid or in the 'cutty' of old Judy, the cook." But surely the advantage of calming the chambermaid and of soothing the notoriously irritable nerves of the cook by means even of pipes are quite as obvious as the necessity of quieting by means of cigarettes the tendency "to ramp," the restlessness and the heedless talk of their mistress.

EX-ATTACHE. "to ramp," the rest of their mistress.

ARMSTRONG OF HAMPTON.

"IT PAYS TO FOLLOW ONE'S BEST LIGHT."

The following is a copy of a letter found with he will of General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Virginia, who died in May last, and about whose life-work, the Hampton Institute and its continuance, there is felt much interest. The letter, lic for the first time:

MEMORANDA.

Now, when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead and perhape to say the things that I would wish known should I suddenly die.

I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, where one of the students would have been put had he died.

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Next, I wish no monument or fuss made over my grave, only asimple funeral service without sermon or attempt at cratory—a soldier's funeral. I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work continues; unless some one makes sacrifices for it it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifices does not count for much in fulfilling God's plan. But what is commonly called sacrifice is really the best natural use of one's self and one's resources—the best investment of one's time, strength and means. He who makes no such sacrifices is most to be pitied; he is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God. In the school, the great thing is to pull together, to refrain from hasty, unwise words and actions, to unselfishly and only seek the best good of all; to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate, whose heads are not level, no matter how much learning or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.

I wish no effort of a biography made. Good friends might get up a pretty good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of life usually lies deep down. We hardly know it ourselves, God only does—I trust his mercy. The shorter one's creed the better. "Simply to Thy cross I cling" is enough for me.

I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawalian home, my war experience, my college days at Williams, and for life and work at Hampton. Hambon has blessed me in so many ways. Along with it have come the choicest people in the country for my friends and helpers, and then such a grand chance to do something directly for those set free by the war, and indirectly for those set free by the war, and indirectly for those who were conquered, and Indian work has been another great privilege.

Few men have had the chance I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life; have been seemingly guided in eve

The loyalty of my old soldiers and of my students has been an unspeakable comfort to me.

It pays to follow one's best light, to put God and country first and ourselves afterward.

(Signed) S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Hampton, Va., New Year's Eve, 1890.

ORANGE GROWING IN PALESTINE.

From The Planters' Gazette,

It is only of recent years that Jaffa oranges have obtained a worldwide reputation, for but some eighteen years since they were scarcely known save at Beyrout. Alexandria and Constantinople. A special feature of the Jaffa orange is that it wilk keep thirty or forty days, and if properly packed for two and sometimes even three months. The port of Jaffa is surrounded on the land side by orange groves, covering an area of 1.789 acres. New orange groves are constantly being planted, and there are now double as many as there were fifteen years ago. Each orange garden contains about 2.609 square feet of planted area, equal to about 1.790 trees to 2½ acres. The trees begin to bear the fourth year after plantins, but it is estimated that it takes seven and sometimes eight years before an orange orchard yields a paying crop. During all this time, and even afterwards, the orchards have to be watered continually, and this irrigation is the most difficult and laborious part of the work, the water having to be drawn by means of primitive water having to be drawn by means of primitive water wheels from wells dug in the gardens 90 feet and even 160 feet deep. An improved and cheaper system of irrigation is of paramount importance, as it would tend to extensive and fertile plains round Jaffa, becoming in a short space of time extensive orange groves, would cheapen the exporters to compete with the oranges of other countries in European markets. From The Planters' Gazette,

NO FUN ABOUT BUCKING BRONCOS.

From The San Francisco Bulletin.

"Many people have an idea that to ride a buckling bronco is the cowboy's delight, but they're badiy mistaken. There's no fun in it. When a thoroughbred rears and prances there's no jar in it, and I rather like to have one do it if I am riding. But when a bronco bucks and jumps into the air and comes down stiff-legged, with his feet planted together, that jars every bone in the rider's body, especially the backbone, and is apt to make him feel pretty sick in short order.

"My first experience with a bucking bronco cured me of the idea that there was fun in it. I had read that the cowboy always locks his spure under the bronco's belly at such times, and so I did the same. Well, the spurs went through the horse-hair cinch, and the bronco kept bucking so long as they staid there. I couldn't get them out till two men came to help me.

"The proper thing to do when a bronco bucks is to keep your spurs away from him balance yourself forward or backward in the saddle, according to the way he jumps, and grip him well between your knees. You have to let him buck till he gets tired of it or finds he can't get you off." From The San Francisco Bulletin.

SIR ANDREW CLARK AND PARNELL.

From The London Star. From The London Star.

It is not generally known that Sir Andrew Clark numbered among his patients Mr. Parnell, who consulted him toward the end of 1887 for a chest affection. Mr. Parnell often stated that he had received much benefit from a direction of Sir Andrew's to inhale an essence of pine. Even when consulting a physician Mr. Parnell's strange passion for secrecy displayed itself. On being asked whether Sir Andrew know who his patient was, Mr. Parnell smiled and parried the question by the reply: "I do not think he did—at least at first."

" PENNY IN THE SLOT" IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

From The St. James's Gazette. From The St. James's Gazette.

Ancient Egypt (writes a correspondent) is "looking up" in every way. Some of its contrivances appear to have been quite up to date. Actually, they had already, more than 2500 years ago, what we cail "a penny in the slot" for the extraction of something useful, pleasant or otherwise desirable. Heron, the philosopher of Alexandria, describes an automatic machine, which he asserts to have been in tise in the Egyptian temples already for a long time past, even before his time. By throwing a piece of money in the slot, the worshippers received some consecrated water through a valve. The stature, or stand, the two-armed lever with its closing valve and the other details of the machine are all correctly described. Truly, the Sage was right when he declared that "There is nothing new under the sun."

THE PARADISE OF BUNCO.

From The London Illustrated News. What an admirable place for the chevaliers of industry of all kinds must Tunis be! A lady having had a dream there that whoever drank of the water in her cistern would escape cholera, 20,000 people passed through her premises (at a penny a head) in a couple of days. O Sancta Simplicitas; what a town that must be for the confidence trick and all the other little swindles that have fallen under suspicion elsewhere! What a place, if not to dream of, to dream in!